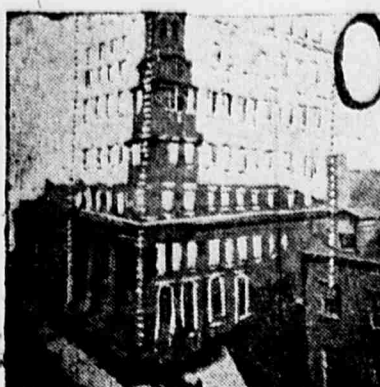


# The Evening World

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## WHERE DOES TRINITY'S MONEY GO?



OLD St. John's Church on Varick street is to be torn down by the Trinity Corporation, which owns it. The property is estimated to be worth \$400,000. By demolishing the church and putting up a new building, the Trinity Corporation will receive an additional income of \$20,000 or \$25,000 a year.

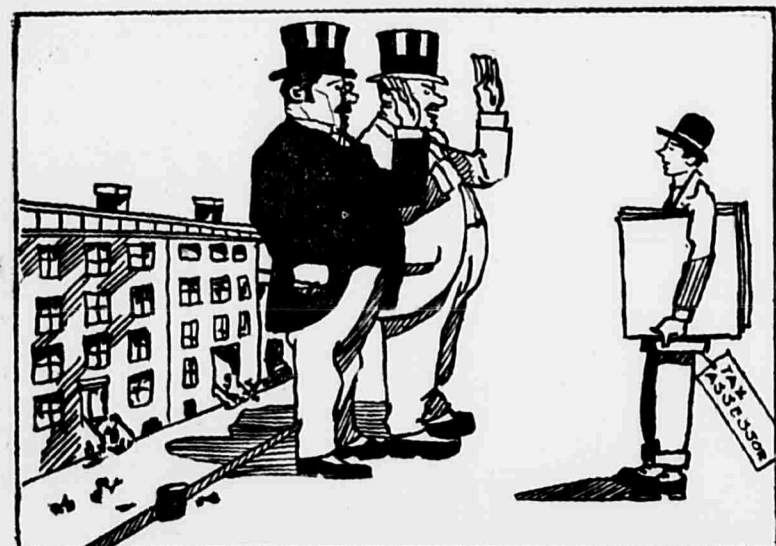
Who will profit from this \$25,000?

This property cost the Trinity Corporation nothing. Little of its valuable property has cost it anything. It owns more than \$80,000,000. The assessed valuation on which it pays taxes is more than \$10,000,000. On more than that the tenant pays the taxes, besides the enormously valuable properties which are tax exempt.

What becomes of this enormous income and who benefits by the great appreciation in the Trinity holdings?

Trinity Corporation is notoriously the worst big landlord in New York. It has fought the regulations of the Board of Health up to the Court of Appeals. Its tenements on the lower west side are old dwelling houses made over without proper sanitary appliances, without the protective restrictions of the new tenement law. Its influence keeps these dilapidated unsanitary properties on the assessment roll at a half to a third the value of an east side tenement.

Evidently the Trinity Corporation has a powerful pull.



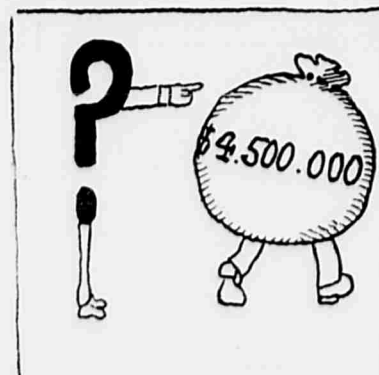
Old St. John's Chapel was one of the few remaining churches on the lower west side. It was built near the opening of the last century, before the War of 1812, when St. John's Park was in a fashionable neighborhood and Vestry and Laight streets were occupied by rich people.

Since then the neighborhood has changed. Fashion has moved uptown. But the population has not diminished. It has five hundred communicants.

If Trinity Corporation were to administer its great trust to encourage religion, to preach the gospel, to uplift the poor and humble, rather would it close a fashionable uptown chapel than to demolish St. John's Church.

According to Trinity's last Year Book, its total expenses for religious and charitable objects, including collections and contributions, were less than one-quarter of a million dollars. Adding to that its taxes and water rates and a liberal allowance for the expenses of business management accounts for some half-million dollars. What becomes of the other four and one-half millions?

Is the Trinity Corporation so poor that it cannot continue St. John's?



## Letters From the People

### We Need Not Pay Pawnbroker.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Suppose an article is stolen and the thief takes it to a pawnbroker and pawns it, and the owner reports the loss to the police and a detective goes with him and finally discovers said article in the pawnshop. Can the owner redeem from the pawnbroker the goods stolen from him which the thief pawned without paying the pawnbroker the money the latter paid the thief on said article?  
W. R.

### A Canadian Holiday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Thanksgiving is not confined to the United States. In Canada a day is set apart by Government proclamation every year as a day of thanksgiving. This custom has been observed as far back as I can remember, and I am a middle-aged man. The date of this year's Thanksgiving there was Nov. 2.  
FRED W. SCOTT.

### As to Office Boys.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The number of office boys who have been complaining recently about the harsh treatment accorded them by employers and clerks in their respective offices do not seem to remember that it is necessary to start at the bottom and work up. They seem to lose sight of the fact that the other clerks, and possibly their employer, were at one time office boys, and that they succeeded merely through effort and merit. In my time, when I started as office boy, I worked from 8 A. M. until 5 P. M. for the magnificent sum of \$2.50 per week. Now many boys are being paid

15 at the start, with short hours from 9 to 5 P. M., and do not seem to see that some day they will be clerks and have the ruling over some office boys of their own. Any old-time office boy will agree with what I express here. I am a graduate from the ranks and now hold a good position.  
EX-OFFICE BOY.

### Blocked Throughfares.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I beg to call the attention of both the city officials and insurance companies to what I consider the danger caused by the street railroad through storing cars in one continuous line on One Hundred and Forty-fifth street from Lenox to Eighth avenue. This interference with the running of cars from Broadway to Lenox avenue, causing great inconvenience to those living between One Hundred and Sixteenth street and One Hundred and Forty-fifth streets east of Seventh avenue.  
H. DEEMING.

### Chicagoan Praises New York.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
New Yorkers are the best dressed people (men and women both) in America. I am a Chicago man, and so I rate to say that; but it is true. I have visited practically every big city in America during the past eight years, and I can tell a New Yorker anywhere. New Yorkers have an indefinable neatness, style and bearing found nowhere else. Who can explain it? I can't, for one thing.  
COOK COUNTY VISITOR.

### "Ah-ne-dah."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What is the proper pronunciation of the name of the grand opera called "Aida"?  
O. A. K.

## The New York Girl---No. 8.

By Maurice Ketten



THE HARLEM GIRL

## The Chorus Girl Has Signed With a New Show. It Has No Naval Lieutenant; So It May Win Out

By Roy L. McCardell.

"WELL, kid, I'm going to take it on the lam to Baltimore to-night," said the Chorus Girl. "We are all going to appear in the new show, 'The Gay Life,' which opens there Monday night."

Mamma De Branscombe has been so excited that she's gone shopping the last couple of days without kleptomaniacally taking a thing, except a cut glass berry bowl she took away from one place as a souvenir. Dopey McKnight's song, "Them Cruel Words I Can't Forget," will be put on right, and it's sure to be a knockout. You know how it goes:



"A fair young bride did bitter weep  
Upon her wedding day.  
The flowers they were all in bloom,  
The world seemed bright and gay.  
And he who stood beside her  
Had married her, I'm told.  
He said, 'I think I'm badly stung--  
I thought you had the gold.'  
'I thought you had the gold,'  
'I thought you had the gold,'  
'I'm going to blow, but ere I go  
I'll poke you in the eye!'  
CHORUS.

"Them cruel words I can't forget!  
My eyes with bitter tears are wet.  
I view the past with deep regret.  
Oh, sad the day that we did meet.  
Them cruel words I can't forget!"

"The young bride now had wised it  
That her feeling she must square;  
For this guy she loved was worthless,  
And was about to swear.  
She did not know the manly art  
Of self-defense, but she  
Drew out a rap and she said:  
'Rough stuff don't go with me!  
I loved you for your gentle ways;  
You won me, oh, you kid!  
But you broke my heart by what you say  
Far more than what you've did!'  
CHORUS.

"Them cruel words I can't forget!"

"Say, kid, if it gives you any pleasure to see the outcasts cry, you want to hear Dopey sing that in a dump!"

"And I want to tell you one thing: you got the meanest editor on your paper—not the corn-beef editor or the heart-throb editor; I think it ain't the sob-story editor, either; it's the short, thickest editor, very tall and thin. I ast him to give us an advance notice 'cause them things helps, but he says, 'When's this fly-by-night comin' to New York?' And I says, 'It ain't comin' at all if it don't get over,' and he says, 'What you want any notice for, then? We're not boosting any of them frothy-bitten seldom-seens!'"

"Can you beat it? And I was always nice to him, too! What do we want no-ices for? Why, notices is all actors has to eat half the time, and they generally disagrees with them."

"Oh, well, I do hope we have good dressing-rooms. They're generally built of old cigar boxes, the size that only holds fifty, and the only running water in 'em is when somebody hurries in with a pail of it."

"And if the production isn't as small as 'The Servant in the House' or 'The Thief,' you ought to see how them cute little dressing-rooms is crowded. Many a time I've had to dress in a room eight by ten with fourteen other girls and six extra women. But the worst was when I played at the Malestic with 'The Top of the World' and had to dress with the pony ballet and the six cute colle dogs. Ever since that, kid, I can't find it in my heart to be kind to animals."

"Big productions took fine from in front, but you certainly do have your crowded hours behind the scenes. That's why no chorus girl dast get fat; she takes up too much room dressing, so it's against the rules."

"And it's even worse on the road. You ought to see them grand opera-houses in Muscatine, Ia., or Baton Rouge, La., where one room is given up to ladies and one to gentlemen of the company."

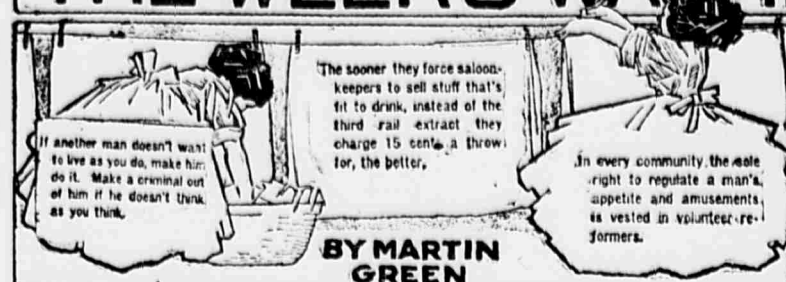
"Ain't it funny, it's only the little things worry us? If I was a fall and break a leg, I wouldn't mind it if I was sure it would shape up all right again when it was glued together; but just let somebody touch my powder rag and I get so nervous I just sit to bounce something off somebody's bean."

"Well, by-by, kid, I'm off to Baltimore."

"The Gay Life is sure to be a scream—maybe of disappointment. We are violating every tradition of stage success—we ain't got a naval lieutenant in natty white uniform in it, and the scenes ain't laid in Paris."

"Them's handicaps, kid, and I dunno!"

## THE WEEK'S WASH



"O NOT again," said the laundry man, "the ministers have organized to close the vaudeville theatres on Sunday evenings."

"A perfectly proper move, too," remarked the man who was getting his package. "I went to a vaudeville performance one Sunday evening recently and the house was packed with headless, thoughtless men and women. They laughed and applauded and encored the performers and enjoyed themselves generally. In other theatres throughout the city there were probably 20,000 more people doing the same thing."



"I tell you, Montmorency, it made my blood run cold to see them. Little did they know what a crime they were committing—the audience, not the actors. A man sitting next to me turned to his wife when the show was over and said he never had enjoyed himself so much in his life. It was scandalous."

Another couple sitting in a box had two children with them. Those two kids laughed until their tears streamed down their faces. It made me sick at heart. The show wasn't over until 10:30 and I saw a great many of those who attended it saunter to nearby restaurants and order food and beer. Probably most of the roisterers did not get home until after 12 o'clock."

The stage performance was exactly the same that had been put on, every afternoon and evening during the week. The actors said the same words and sang the same songs and made the same movements, but it was the day that made the difference. Many ministers will tell you that what is perfectly



proper on a week day is perfectly improper on a Sunday. And if we don't believe the ministers, what are we going to do?

"The people who are so ungenerous as to go to a vaudeville show on Sunday evening must be protected against themselves. If they must force them to stay at home, we must force them to do so. If another man don't want to live as you do make him do it. Make a criminal out of him if he don't think as you think, don't eat what you eat, feel bored at what you enjoy."

"This is a rule, however, that only one way was. While it is very right and my right, and the right of a doctor of divinity to forbid John Jones and Henry Smith and Peter Dinghams to go to a vaudeville show on Sunday, they have no right to force us to go to a vaudeville show on Sunday because they think it will do us good. In every community the sole right to regulate a man's appetite and amusements is vested in volunteer reformers. The majority elects public officers who are pledged to liberality, but when it comes to a question of Sunday observance the minority rules. No for the blue Sunday."

"But I like to go to a vaudeville show Sunday night," protested the laundryman. "I have to work every other night in the week."

"Nevertheless," persisted the man who was getting his package, "I, who have every other night in the week but Sunday night to myself, insist that you, who have your only leisure on Sunday night, shall spend that evening as I dictate. I have no right to tell you what you must do on Tuesday night or Friday night, but I can force you to remain away from a place where I cannot be or do not want to be on Sunday night."

AS TO POLITICS AND FRIENDSHIP.

"BUT you can't keep me from going to the Democratic Club and shaking hands with my old friend, Dick Croker," said the laundryman.

"But I can call it a shameful proceeding," declared the man who was getting his package. "It looks like a shameful proceeding to me, and I have a right to say so, because I don't understand what induces you to shake hands with a man who is a political boss. My line of work does not take me among men who deem friendship the dearest and rarest of virtues. I cannot plant in my brain the principle that would make you stand by your friend whether he was right or wrong. So I assume that you are friendly with a political boss for a shameful purpose, and I say so, and you have to stand for it."

THE MEN WHO PEDDLE "THIRD RAIL EXTRACT."

"I SEE," said the laundry man, "that Mr. Lillian M. N. Stevens, President of the W. C. T. U., is moved by the spectacle of Mr. Taft on the water wagon to declare that within the next decade we will outlaw the sale of that which is unfit to drink."

"I hope her hope comes out," said the man who was getting his package. "The sooner they force saloonkeepers to sell stuff that's fit to drink instead of the third rail extract they charge fifteen cents a throw for now the better."

THE STORY OF THE OPERAS  
By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 6—BOITO'S "MEFISTOFELE."

DR. FAUST was an aged philosopher, the embodiment of bookish wisdom and theology. Mefistofele (the Devil) haunted before High Heaven that he could lure Faust to perdition. The angels declared he could not. Mefistofele returned to the earth to make good his boast. . . .

Dr. Faust sat in his gloomy Frankfurt study. It was Easter morning. The air was full of spring. The songs of the townfolk echoed from the street outside. Faust was in deepest melancholy. The springtime, the songs of the youths and maidens, all combined to make him remember he was very old. His life was in its rare autumn and the joys of existence could no longer reach him. His steps on the way homeward had been dogged by a mysterious monk. This monk had stealthily entered the study. Now, in guise of a gayly dressed noble, the embodiment of evil, the arch foe of Heaven, he offered, in exchange for Faust's soul, to restore the doctor's youth, and to place at his service the riches, pleasures and new experiences of the whole world. Faust overcame his horror at sight of Satan. The temptation offered was too great for the age-worn philosopher to resist. He accepted the bargain. He and Mefistofele stepped upon the latter's outspread cloak and vanished from the room. . . .

Mefistofele made Faust a handsome youth again, and started him upon a career of vice and dissipation. The former philosopher met and fell in love with Margaritha, a gentle peasant girl. Margaritha's mother guarded the girl jealously. Mefistofele caused Margaritha unknowingly to poison her. Faust, led by Mefistofele, left Margaritha's side to attend the unholy revels of the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken. There, in the midst of the demoniac frolics, he saw a vision of Margaritha lying manacled in prison. . . .

All Faust's love for the maiden riveted at the fearful vision and he forced Mefistofele to bear him back to her. The girl had been cast into prison for the murder of her mother. Faust entered her cell with the glad news that he could set her free. Jealously she ran to meet her returned lover. But at sight of Mefistofele she shrank back in horror. Recognizing him as Satan, she refused to leave the prison with him and clung madly to Faust for protection. Faust vainly begged her to fly with them. She would have no dealings with the Evil One. A choir of angel voices from above chanted that she was saved. The redeemed girl sank back dead as Faust and Mefistofele vanished, expiring as the hangman entered to lead her to execution.

From one mad pleasure to another Mefistofele led his victim. Faust tasted the joys of life to the very dregs. He was even transported to a magic Greek isle, where, alone Helen of Troy. By Satan's aid, he won Helen's love as readily as he had won simple Margaritha's. . . .

Back at last to his Frankfurt study Faust wandered. He was weary of dissipation. He saw the sin and useless folly of all he had once deemed so desirable. He was tasting to the full the Dead Sea fruit of pleasure. Realizing that the life for which he had sold his soul was an empty farce, and that he had bartered his salvation for naught, he turned a deaf ear to Mefistofele's allurement.

Mefistofele sought to draw the unhappy man back to the paths of sin. But with a cry of penitence Faust snatched up the Bible and clung to the holy book as a barrier between himself and temptation. A rosiate cloud enveloped him. In a transport of repentance he felt to the ground, dead. While Mefistofele, baffled at the very moment of his seeming victory, plunged down in fury to the inferno.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp for each number.

## Panhandle Pete's Strategy Goes Wrong

By Geo. McManus

